NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER
W. R. HEARST.

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WEATHER—Rain; stationery temperature; northeasterly gales.

THE JOURNAL'S MOTTO:
WHILE OTHERS TALK, THE JOURNAL ACTS.

NEW YORK JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1897.

Governor Budd Wishes the Journal Another Victory.

San Francisco, Oct. 22.

Editor Morning JOURNAL:

On the occasion of the JOURNAL'S recent victory in defeating the Central Pacific funding bill before Congress I declared a public holiday in California.

I hope the fight the JOURNAL is now making against the Union Pacific steal will be equally successful.

JAMES H. BUDD,
Governor of California.

HERE'S ANOTHER CHANCE FOR GOVERNOR BUDD TO DECLARE A HOLIDAY.

Led by the New York Journal and the San Francisco Examiner, the press of the United States has stopped the Union Pacific steal.

The Journal and Examiner, both under the same ownership, have from the beginning opposed the arrangement entered into by Cleveland with the Reorganization Committee, and carried forward by McKinley, for the sale of the road at a loss. At last a victory for the people has been achieved.

The sale is off.

Twenty million dollars have been saved to the public.

Yesterday Attorney-General McKenna, acting under the President's orders, announced that a postponement of the sale would be asked for until December 15, or until Congress shall be in session.

As a result, the baffled syndicate makes it known that now, rather than not get the property, it will bid the entire amount of the Government's claim against the main line of the Union Pacific—a raise of about $8,000,000. As to the Kansas Pacific branch, it is not so certain, but if the Government acts with business sense it will prevent a separation of the claims.

The Journal has always contended that the Government was under no need to sacrifice a single dollar of its due—that it only had to insist upon its full claim and it would be paid. Under this pressure the Attorney-General recently demanded an increase of $5,000,000 in the syndicate's bid, and the bid was accordingly raised by that amount. Now that the Attorney-General, in spite of all his protestations against the policy of delay, has asked for postponement, the syndicate offers an additional $8,000,000. Thus there has been obtained an increase within a few weeks of $13,000,000 over the original bid.

That sum, saved to the people, represents the fruit up to date of the newspaper agitation led by the Journal and Examiner. Let President McKinley now stand firm, and the entire sum that was to be practically stolen from the Treasury by the syndicate will be saved.

There has been no need for the danger which honest and aggressive journalism has averted. The Government is given the whip hand by law. It is empowered by statute to take over the property, after paying off prior liens, and the Administration has simply to make this course its alternative in order to force the syndicate to pay all claims in full.

The Journal congratulates President McKinley on his action, late as it is. He has preserved the public rights and justified our expectation that he would not lend himself to a rascally transaction that could not but have blackened his own reputation and discredited his Administration.

But President McKinley must be on his guard. He is dealing with very clever and unscrupulous men. The proposition to sell the Government's claim on the Union Pacific apart from its claim on the Kansas Pacific branch is one that he should reject. It will be better for him not to conclude any portion of the business until Congress has been consulted. He has escaped a great peril, and he will be wise not to advance a step in new negotiations until he has the backing of the House and Senate.

The Journal congratulates the people of the United States on the triumph which the press has achieved over the banded millionaires who were proceeding to loot the Government in calm confidence that no human power could prevent them from enriching themselves at the people's expense. They have learned again that an alert press must still be reckoned with. When the Central Pacific magnates were endeavoring to push through Congress their funding bills, the San Francisco Examiner procured to a protesting petition the signatures of a majority of the voters of the Pacific States, and, joined by the Journal, succeeded in defeating both measures. This Reorganization Committee plot as to the Union Pacific is part of the Funding bill conspiracy, and it, too, has been blocked.

The Journal congratulates its contemporaries throughout the Union that have united with it in making this good fight. A great battle for honesty has been won.

MR. GEORGE AND THE JUDGES.

On Saturday evening Mr. George, in a campaign speech in Westchester, made a charge whose most serious side does not seem to have been generally appreciated. He said: "And the very judiciary itself is blackmailed. It is a fact that Judges of the Supreme Court have had to pay $35,000 each."

Mr. George was attacking Tammany when he made this assertion, and perhaps did not realize the full scope of his accusation. The laws of New York require, and have required since 1890, that every candidate for office shall file immediately after the election a sworn statement of his campaign expenses. All the Justices of the Supreme Court elected in this city during that period have filed such statements, and in no case has any such extraordinary payment as Mr. George alleges been acknowledged. The charge, therefore, is that some if not all of these Justices have committed perjury, and have thereby rendered themselves liable to ten years' imprisonment and to the forfeiture of their offices. This cloud hangs over Justices Ingraham, Gliegerich, Freedman, McAdam, Smyth, MacLean and Truax.

It will be seen how very serious is the issue that Mr. George has raised. If we have perjurers on the Supreme Court bench—if the laws are administered by men who ought to be doing time at Sing Sing—the fact should be definitely known and the remedy applied. It is as important to the incriminated Justices as to the people that the truth about this matter should be made clear. If they are innocent, they have suffered an injury to which they ought not to be subjected a moment longer than necessary. They owe it to themselves and to the public to take immediate steps to settle this matter beyond the possibility of doubt.

The issue is not precisely one of veracity between Mr. George and the Justices, for even if Mr. George were shown to be mistaken, it could readily be believed that he had spoken in the excitement of the campaign upon insufficient information, and there would be no reflection upon his good faith. But in the case of the Justices the case is different. They swore deliberately to facts within their own knowledge. Their statements were either true or knowingly and intentionally false. Some remarks from them seem to be in order.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

The New York Central officials regard the disaster at Garrison's as an inexplicable visitation of Providence, which no human foresight could have averted. Every railroad accident seems to the authorities a phenomenon of the same kind, but before the inquest is over it usually appears that there were some preliminary arrangements for which Providence was not directly responsible, and which had a substantial influence upon the course of events.

In the present case it seems that the railroad tracks were built upon made ground, resting upon a stratum of rock dipping sharply down into very deep water, and held in place by a partly submerged retaining wall. "This section of the road," says Roadmaster Otis, "stands in a depth of thirty-five feet of water." It does not take an engineer to comprehend the tremendous strain upon a retaining wall under such conditions as these. The embankment was not even in a state of unstable equilibrium. It was not in equilibrium at all, but was constantly tending to slide down its sloping bed of rock into the river. The wall alone held it in place, and the only things that could give the wall strength to resist its enormous pressure were the weight of the stones and the cohesiveness of the cement by which they were held together. And this all-important piece of masonry, which would have been none too strong for the work it had to do if it had been as massive as the walls of Babylon, was built, according to one account, without any cement at all.

There is evidently material here for most thorough work on the part of a Coroner's jury, and probably of a Grand Jury, too. The vital point seems to be the manner in which the roadbed and the wall were constructed. It is immaterial to prove that the track was thoroughly inspected and found to be in first-class condition. Nobody denies that the New York Central's system of track inspection is substantially perfect. But a track walker could not see what was going on in the depths of that thirty-five foot abyss, where the water was eating through the cracks of the wall and turning the base of the embankment to mud. The public wants to know just how that piece of track was built, and whether there are any more pieces in danger of similar mysterious visitations of Providence.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

There was an admirable opportunity on Sunday to prove that the law was no respector of persons, and to confound those subversive agitators who pretended that the courts were more severe in dealing with the transgressions of workingmen than with those of corporations. Unfortunately the authorities failed to take advantage of it. The New York and Philadelphia Traction Company invaded the township of Bridgewater, New Jersey, with an army of a thousand men, prepared for battle. Without a franchise, and in defiance of a judicial injunction, it tore up a road, built a trolley line and ran a car. It defied the Sheriff of the county and drove away his deputies by force of arms. Its representative pocketed the writ of the court with a laugh and ordered the work to proceed.

Here was every feature of lawlessness that was lacking at Hazleton. There was not merely the fear that a mob might commit some illegal act; there was the actual violation of law in flagrant progress. There was not merely a fear that the Sheriff's posse might be overpowered; there was an actual attack and an actual rout of the forces of order. But when we look for an account of the volleys from the Winchesters of the outraged guardians of the law, with a list of the dead and wounded railway magnates, we do not find it. We do not even find that the militia was called out. On the contrary, the Sheriff meekly surrendered, and the lawbreakers finished their work with impunity.

The Bridgewater incident forms an interesting and thought-compelling companion piece to that at Hazleton.

Mark Hanna may have some serious difficulty in inducing the Ohio voters to go into his Senatorial blind pool.

There is a strong "what-are-you-going-to-do-about-it" flavor to Spain's answer.

THE DEAD PACIFIC RAILROAD JOB.

Government Should Take It.

There are two, perhaps three, syndicates ready to buy the Union Pacific Railroad. President McKinley should disappoint them all.

The reorganizers count on the road's earning 4 per cent interest on $150,000,000 of capital, count on the road earning interest on an amount $60,000,000 in excess of the first mortgage and the Government's claim, and yet the Government proposes to sell its claim for 60 cents on the dollar, to give away 40 cents on each dollar of its claim. It is, we think, a moderate conclusion that if the President did his duty he would pay off the first mortgage, as he is authorized by law, and thus protect the Government's interest. Let the Government, in satisfaction of its claim, take and operate the road.—Pittsburg Press.

One Bridge Left After All.

But General Thomas's warning has come too late to save either his party, his friend the President, or his country from the hurt that is going to result from the gobbling of the Union Pacific by the Morgan syndicate. The Administration has burnt all the bridges behind it in the transaction, and there is no way to retreat. The road will pass into the hands of Pierpont Morgan November 2. More than that, so determined is the Administration to carry out the bargain made by Mark Hanna with the gigantic railroad monopolists prior to the election that it is fortifying its deal with all the legal barriers at its command.—St. Louis Republic.

Straining Public Patience Too Far.

Sufferance has long been the badge of the American people. Their patience ought not to be taken for cowardice or acquiescence. Legalized robbery can be pushed to a point where it will fall upon the procurers and beneficiaries of it, with the eruptive destruction of a thousand vomiting volcanoes. The Morganites appear to be pushing toward that goal with perilous velocity. When they reach it they will be brought face to face with an aroused, indignant, determined and united people. The subsequent proceedings will not be conducted in the interest or for the plensure of the Morganites.—Kansas City Times.

EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

Croker Finds a Defender.

To the Editor of the Journal:

I have heard a great many people say that Tammany Hall is all right, but that they don't like Croker. When I ask them why they don't like Croker, the only reason they give for not liking him is that he is a boss. Now, what is a boss? Every successful business house and every successful manufacturing business must have a boss. That is, it must have a man with brains and ability to run it. I hold that what applies to a successful business house applies with equal force to a successful municipality. It is very true that Mr. Croker may not be the best boss that could be found in the city; still the records prove that he was a much better boss than the boss we now have. Under his management, the tax rate was only $1.79 on the $100 of assessable property, while under the present boss it is $2.14 on the $100, a difference of 35 cents on every $100 to each taxpayer. Now, suppose you had a boss who was running a business for you at an expense of $1.79 on each $100 invested, and some one should come along and persuade you that he could do much better than the boss you had, and you should sign a contract with him to run the business for three years. If, at the end of the three years you found that, instead of costing you only $1.79 on the $100 invested to run it, it was costing you $2.14 on the $100, what would you do? Which would you say was the better boss?

Now, if Mr. Croker robbed the city of millions of dollars (Mr. Croker says in his answer to Mr. George that the Grand Jury is open to those who make such charges) and it only cost the taxpayers $1.79 on the $100, how much have Boss Platt and his party taken from the taxpayers at $2.14 on the $100, on a much higher valuation?

Whether Mr. Croker was ever arrested or whether Judge Van Wyck was ever arrested has nothing whatever to do with the questions now before the people. Any citizen is liable to arrest, and if the opposition to Tammany Hall has no stronger arguments than these to advance against its return to power—I have failed to discover any other arguments—the records of the city that the very best thing the people of Greater New York can do is to vote for the Tammany Hall candidates.

J. Y. S.

Oct. 25, 1897.

Overworking the Teachers.

To the Editor of the Journal:

I am fully convinced that those of my profession who might see this in your valuable paper—and I hope you will insert this for a worthy cause—will, with one voice, echo my sentiments.

The teacher's task is getting more and more trying. If she only had time to crowd in all the studies she would not complain.

The new course of study now adopted in our schools has manual training as one of the prominent studies, and as the schedule time allotted to it is about one-fifth of the schedule time, it necessarily cuts short the instruction to some very important studies.

Through this new course the teacher's work, which was by no means a light one, is made the more arduous—to the time she generally gave to her other lessons at home must be added that she devotes to preparing the new work. This, in addition to attending lectures on this and other subjects, compels her to devote her time till late at night to school work.

Sincerely hope you will find space to insert this in your valuable paper.

A SUFFERER.

Carlotta's Twin; a Stage Story.

It was so long ago as two years. She was a front row figure in the burlesque. And such a figure. She had the classic lines of a great race, and the poetic grace of a line of ancestry to carry the figure. Slender of limb, but straight, lissome, with just a serpentine suggestion in her movements. She was born for the chorus. She was that perfect in physical charm that you would not wish to have her in a speaking part. Just as well might the Milo Venus give utterance to lines as this daughter of the gods of grace.

That was two years ago. The Summer burlesque was running to crowded houses, houses in which the men predominated. The show was built for the kind of man who stays in town all Summer, and he repaid the discretion of the manager by his constant attendance. You saw the same people night after night about the theatre doors between the acts. The young men always carried programmes and they were continually smoking cigarettes and consulting the printed list of performers. Carlotta was on that list, although she was only in the chorus. Burlesque managers are happy in printing the full names of all the performers down to the gas man. It would be even better if they gave addresses as well. The young men who stay in town Summers would appreciate that.

But on this list she was just Carlotta Fresonali, and that is all of her that the young men with the cigarettes could know. They could feast a nightly eye upon her for the paltry amount of $1.50, and Carlotta had many admirers. They were front-row men, but if ever she saw one of them over the line of lights which marks the curtain line she gave no sign. She was conscientious in her work and earned the $10 a week which burlesques pay in the Summer season.

After a while there were flowers for Carlotta at the stage door, great bunches of red roses that would suit her black beauty wonderfully. Her eyes over a full blown La France rose would be divine, but nobody ever saw them with that sort of a setting, because, though cart-loads of rare things might be dumped at the stage door, Carlotta never wore one on the stage. Young men wondered what became of their midsummer offerings to the limbs and the eyes, but Carlotta, inscrutable, silent Carlotta, did her marches, smiled when the piece said smile, frowned when the leading lady's lines called for that sort of a demonstration from the supporting line, and never by so much as the droop of a lid said one thing to the cane-sucking row out there in front devouring her with their gaze at $1.50 a night.

And there was another thing about this svelt thing with the midnight eyes set in a sundown face; she had moods. Some nights, for a whole week at a time, she worked with a nervous energy which was just a bit straining to those who watched her. It was not restful to follow her too closely then. Other weeks she was calm as a tropic sea under the tropic moon; calm, self-possessed, quietly content. A woman of variety is always fascinating, and these evident moods made the chappies all the more keen to know and appreciate this new one in the long list of old familiars which the printed list contained. But that was two long years ago, and to this day they have not known, and until this story is printed they may not know at all.

How in the course of time I came to know Carlotta matters not. Mine was a business mission which took me into the dusty realm behind the curtain, and Carlotta got to nodding just as fifty others nodded when I came in to rehearsal. The nod was as much as I ever gained, but that was a long way further than anybody in the front rows ever progressed, and a nod is something.

The managers, keen to see any point of advantage in a precarious business, had recognized value in Carlotta, and when the new piece was to go on, last June, they talked over her as a possibility in a small part, where she could wear a swell grenadier costume and carry a sword and sometimes get down in the front line when the principals sang a chorus. It was decided to give her the part, in fact to make one for her, so that the limbs and the eyes might not be shadowed by the tangle of limbs and eyes which obtained in the chorus.

That she was even under consideration for such an advancement would have filled any other girl in the company with delirious joy. But not so Carlotta. She was positively dismayed at the idea. She didn't tell the managers so, but when it drifted to her that she was to be singled out of the mass of front line color and set out as a flash of crimson and white all by herself, where the house would see her as a shooting star in a studded firmament, Carlotta paled and was frightened.

When it came to casting the new piece—that was last June—Carlotta was put in the small part, and the next day she quietly resigned, wording a pleasant note of thanks to the managers. Nobody could understand it. Ladies who wear tights for two years at $10 a week are in the habit of looking at promotion to a part as a soul might regard a release from purgatory. Carlotta, resigned, made her even more the inscrutable Carlotta than ever. Surely women are queer.

The manager who had paid the $10 per was loath to lose this fragment of other successful pieces. Her going would mean the missing of faces familiar to the front rows, but Carlotta had resigned, and not only that, but she had gone out of the ken of the theatre and its people. No one knew where to find her. She would have had a substantial raise, but she was not there to accept such an offer, and another girl took the part and smiled all over a house which couldn't see her. Carlotta was missed.

If you will go down Forty-second street toward Broadway you will, if you are observant, see a fruit store among the shops on the south side. It is a cozy, attractive place with its doors wide open and its windows filled with the delicious things which come from California and Mexico and the sea islands. The windows are artistic in the method of their dressing. They will attract you by their blending of nature's colors on the peaches, the apples, the pears, the grapes, the bananas.

Should you go inside to purchase, you will be pleased. I was. The window first attracted me, and I went in for a pear. A tall, lithsome figure with a swinging freedom of stride came from somewhere in the rear, and the softest of voices with a trace of accent asked my wishes. Not till I had made my purchase did I glance at the seller. Then I had a shock. The figure behind the counter was the figure of the theatre Carlotta. There was no mistake. The shirt waist could not disfigure the grace of the shoulders, nor the dimness of the light shadow the eyes. It was Carlotta, beautiful even in the setting of a fruit store. She saw I recognized her and she smiled an encouraging smile. Then she told the life secret.

"Yes, I am she, sir, the Carlotta you knew. Do I look different here? I must, because many gentlemen who used to come to the theatre buy fruit of me now, and they never seem to know. The lights make a great difference, do they not? Ah! it was bright there, but I am glad to be away. Do I like this? Oh, better than anything in the world. It is all mine, you know, mine and Papinta's. We earned it all, every bit, out of the chorus. We earned it, I say, Papinta and I. You do not know Papinta? Oh, yes, you do. Papinta, come here."

Out of the semi-gloom of the rear came another girl. Her appearance was like an electric shock. She was another Carlotta—the same face, the same eyes, the same color, the same swinging stride, the same—no, not all the same. She had not the repose, the quiet self-possession of Carlotta.

"It is Papinta, my twin sister. It is said we are much alike. We divided the work, you know, Papinta and I. When we had the money to start the store Papinta took care of the place one week and I the next. When she was in the store I was at the theatre; when I was here she was there. It was easy. I taught her the marches, and we are much alike, they say. Only she is nervous, or we might have taken that small part and worked on a while longer, but when we could no longer stay in the chorus we left, and now it is nothing but the store, and it is a home and a living, and it is well. The fruits are very profitable. The flowers? Oh, we miss them, of course. They were very beautiful when we draped the festoons over the peaches and piled the roses among the pears. We miss the flowers."

The Johnnies? Oh, no. Johnnies do not see much beauty behind a fruit counter.

CHARLES E. TREVATHAN.

Told Over the Teacups.

"YOU don't seem in your usual spirits to-day, dear," said the girl in the heliotrope gown. "I've been here a whole half hour and you have not once mentioned the fact that my fur collarette has perfumed the room with the odor of moth balls."

"I'm not in my usual spirits," returned the girl in the pink waist, "and I doubt if you would be, either, if you were in my place. All day yesterday, everything went wrong. It was one of those days which"——

"Leave wrinkles behind! I know, dear; I have such days myself sometimes."

"Then you can sympathize with me. Papa can't; he seems to think it funny—I can't see why. When I got up yesterday, I stepped out of bed on the opposite side from which I had gotten in; while I was dressing I dropped the hand mirror and broke it."

"Oh, pshaw, people say it is unlucky to break a mirror, but I doubt it, myself."

"It was unlucky in this case. It was one which Lilian left here and I shall be obliged to replace it. Then, at breakfast I spilled salt; I knew I was in for it, and I was! I had borrowed by brother Tom's felt hat to wear the day before, and just because there was a hole or two where the hatpins went in, he"——

"Said he'd never wear it again! I know; just like any other brother."

"No, dear; that was what I had counted on. He said I should never wear it again! Next, I had a letter from Alice—Wilfred's sister, you know—asking me to get her two yards and a half of velvet to match a sample of cloth she enclosed."

"Well, I'm sure that wouldn't be much trouble."

"But she only enclosed about half enough money and I didn't know what to do. If I were to get her the cheap, common stuff her money would pay for, she'd be sure to tell her brother that I was evidently no judge of quality and he needn't mind giving me expensive presents. On the other hand, if I got the proper thing and told her how much it cost, she'd say I was awfully extravagant."

"True. Well, I suppose you will just have to pay the difference yourself."

"I did think of that; but now, well, I'll come to that presently. Next, I found my loveliest shell hairpin was broken, and there wasn't a soul I could blame for it, I knew I'd have to pay for the mending of it myself! Then I ran downtown to get a bunch of red roses to brighten up my black hat. It was windy, and I was almost blown away, but I held on to that package like grim death. When I got home I found"——

"That you wanted yellow roses instead? Of course."

"No; I found that I had been carefully holding a wisp of paper—the flowers had blown out on the way, and I never knew it. By that time I was desperate."

"And no wonder! Such luck I never"——

"Did you? And that was only the beginning. I had just taken off my hat when Wilfred came. I knew his errand; he had spoken the day before of wishing me to join a class in French conversation with him. I had said I'd think of it; but you may be sure that feeling as I did by that time I'd have refused an invitation to be first soprano in the heavenly choir!"

"And I'm sure I don't blame you, after"——

"I should think not. When I came into the room I saw that something must have happened to upset him, too; he seemed so nervous. I tried to keep him off the subject, but presently he began: 'Miss Angeln, I came to ask you to'—— 'It's just no use,' I broke in, 'I've thought it all over, and I could never do it!' He started up, crimson with rage and"——

"I don't see why. You hadn't promised to join his old class."

"'This—this is very strange,' he burst out. 'You certainly encouraged me to ask you!' That made me madder yet, and I cried: 'I just don't care if I did! I never meant to accept, and you need never ask me again!' 'I certainly shall not,' he retorted, 'Goodby, Miss Crossleigh, I am glad that I have at any rate found out what a temper you have before it is too late!' Then he bounced out."

"Pshaw, he'll be back inside of twenty-four hours."

"So I thought. But when papa came home that evening he kissed me and said, 'Well, I hope that my little girl is as happy as she deserves!'"

"I don't see that you had anything to be happy over."

"I hadn't. Then he went on: 'Yes, when Wilfred said to-day that he hoped I had no objection to his asking you to marry him, I replied "None at all," and added that unless I was mistaken you had not, either!'"

"B—but I thought he was only asking you"——

"To join a French class! So did I. Oh, Edith, do you think he'll ever ask me again?"

ELISA ARMSTRONG.

Mrs. Ladenburg's Foreign Knight.

MRS. ADOLF LADENBURG is such a charming widow—so handsome, so vivacious, so accomplished, to say nothing of her great wealth—that it comes as a shock to the whole of chappiedom to learn that she has even tolerated the assiduous attentions of a foreign fellow who has followed her from one European resort to another with the evident purpose of capturing her heart and hand.

There are some of us who had made up our minds that Mrs. Ladenburg's heart was safe in America, no matter where she might see fit to take her pretty hands, and we did not hold ourselves wiser than our fellows at that.

But as one gossip after another returns from Europe, and each has something to say of Mrs. Ladenburg's devoted knight, not only is doubt engendered as to the whereabouts of her heart, but a dumb fear seizes and gnaws us that this enterprising and aggressive suitor may appropriate both her heart and her hand.

It is said that he is as rich as the late Barney Barnato, and, like that unfortunate Croesus, made his fortune in the South African gold and diamond fields. Like Barnato, too, he is Semitic and tenacious.

The gossips have it that when Mrs. Ladenburg took a small house in London for the season this Monte Cristo became her shadow, and that when she was in Homburg in the Summer he was there also to answer her every beck and call.

He had his horses and his traps and he lavished upon the fair widow not only his devoted attention, but many costly gifts and valuable presents.

But of all the formidable and ominous things about Mrs. Ladenburg's foreign cavalier, his name is the most fearsome. It is spelled B-e-l-t, and it is pronounced Bite!

Could anything be more indicative of persistence in a suitor or of danger in a rival?

Mrs. Ladenburg is coming back to America with her old friend, Mrs. James P. Kernochan, and these same gossips tell me that Belt is as sure to follow her as the shadow follows the substance.

If this should prove to be true, as is quite likely, I would offer Belt a little friendly advice.

It is all very well for Belt to follow Mrs. Ladenburg to Homburg, to London, to Paris, to New York, to Hempstead. But if Belt is wise he will not attempt to follow Mrs. Ladenburg in a run of the Meadow Brook hounds. Not only is Mrs. Ladenburg a cracking fine horsewoman and as fearless as Diana herself, but the Meadow Brook country can be rough when selected to that end, and the Meadow Brook horsemen can make all sorts of adverse combinations when actuated by a common impulse of antagonism such as Belt is sure to arouse and inflame.

If Belt would not bite the bitterly unpalatable dust of the Hempstead plains he will keep to the middle of the road and leave the 'cross country to Ralph Ellis and his merry hunters.

Matrimony and trade seem to go hand in hand, so far as the business women of the Four Hundred are concerned.

Mrs. Sallie Duncan Elliot is about to transfer her ability as lodging house keeper to the narrower but not less important or less responsible sphere of an individual household, while Mrs. John A. Lowery has tired of serving tea in a public resort and will hereafter confine her skill and grace to handling the samovar of Mr. Speyer, who is a charming Hebrew gentleman from Frankfort-on-the-Main, where his family has been in the banking business for many years.

If this sort of thing continues there will be more married society in trade than out of it.

The Duc de Loubat, who came over from Europe a fortnight ago to look after his real estate interests here, will return in a little while.

Loubat will never live permanently in New York again. His expulsion from the Union Club and his reinstatement to membership in that organization after a sensational trial have made him prefer to live abroad.

On the European continent the old sore is not chafed as it would be here, and the title which the Pope bestowed upon him is of very much more consequence.

Young Cornelius Vanderbilt has taken the house of Mrs. Richard Irvin, No. 12 West Thirty-sixth street, for the Winter, and will move into it in a little while.

This is the house that Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gebhard occupied last Winter.

It is adapted to large entertainments, and the probability is that Mr. and Mrs. "Neely" Vanderbilt are going in for a right gay season, in which they will be aided and abetted by the Wilsons, the Astors, the Oelriches, the Oliver Belmonts, and about everybody else that isn't tied up very closely to "Neely's" unforgiving parents.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Victor Sorchan at Newport Sunday.

Mother and child are doing well, as they say in such cases, and congratulations were pouring in upon the proud and happy parents all day yesterday.

Other Newport items of interest are that Miss Pauline Dresser will be married at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Edward King, early in December, and that James J. Van Alen (one "l" please) has returned to Newport after his coaching trip to Lenox.

The financial misfortunes of the Forbes-Leiths furnish no small amount of gossip in boudoirs and club corners.

Only a few years ago these people lived at No. 40 Park avenue, and put on as many airs as anybody in town.

It was there that Miss Forbes-Leith was brought out, although she was taken to London the next season, and soon afterward married Captain Charles Rosden Burns, a beauty of the British army, and a curled darling of the English drawing rooms.

Such sons-in-law generally come high to American families, and it was said at the time that Forbes-Leith did not get his at a reduced figure.

He did not impoverish himself in this way, however, for he subsequently entertained a Russian Prince in superb style here, and then went abroad to live. He purchased a castle in Aberdeenshire, and otherwise cut a wide swath socially.

Latterly fortune has frowned on the Forbes-Leiths until their possessions have gradually melted away. They sold their Park avenue house to A. Cass Canfield, and their other holdings here and abroad are said to have dwindled until they have been compelled to take lodgings in the very unaristocratic Sloane street, London.

But for all their reverses, the Forbes-Leiths still hold their heads high and haughtily and give to former American acquaintances the glassy eye and the marble front.

At least that is what certain people say who met the Forbes-Leiths during the time of the Queen's Jubilee, and who resented such action as wholly impertinent, especially when it is considered that the sufferers from the indignity had very much more money than the Forbes-Leiths ever had.

Thus by a golden rod do we measure our own importance.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.